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**THE SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION**  
Is published every Wednesday and Saturday, and during the session of the Legislature, three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four dollars a year, payable in advance.

**THE WEEKLY EDITION**  
Is published every Thursday at Two Dollars a year, payable in advance.

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#### Remarkable Escape.

There never was a drama of the stage so full of scenic effect as the French Revolution. The following escape is remarkable.

Graf Von Schlabendorff was a singular person, a sort of strange German Colbridge, more, however, of a philosopher and a politician than a poet, living like a hermit in the bustling history of Revolutionary Paris, miserably in the hands of the revolution, and slowly in his attire, and cherishing a beard, but generous, even magnificent on a large scale, and actuated in all things by motives of the purest patriotism and the most disinterested benevolence; a character ready made for Sir Walter Scott.

This man, as a foreigner, and a German aristocrat, and also as the esteemed friend of Condorcet, Moreau, Brissot, and the unfortunate Girondist party, naturally enough, during the Reign of Terror, fell under suspicion of being suspected, and lay for many days, first in the Conciergerie, and then in the Luxembourg, in constant expectation of the guillotine. He escaped, however, after all; strangely enough, saving his life and losing his books. Vanhagen Von Euse relates the circumstance as follows:

"One morning the death cart came for its usual number of daily victims; and Schlabendorff's name was called out. He immediately, with the greatest coolness and good humor, prepared for departure; presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism or mere indifference, being common to these terrible beings. And Schlabendorff, with the same calmness, at the usual hour of the guillotine, and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day, was ready, both and all, waiting the word of command. But behold! his name was not heard that day; nor the third day, nor the fourth; and not at all. There was no mystery in the matter. It was naturally supposed he had fallen with the guillotine, and that the date of some parchment, in the multitude of sufferers, no one could seriously inquire for an individual; for the days that followed, there were enough of victims without him; and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when with so many others, he recovered his liberty. He owed his miraculous escape, not the least strange in the history of the Revolution, partly to the kindness of the guillotine, partly to his good temper, and above all to the circumstance that his boots were out of the way at the nick of time."

"Well," said Schlabendorff, firmly, "to be guillotined without any more of the guillotine, and to have good friends," continued he, with simple good humor, to the guillotine, "take me to-morrow; one day makes no difference; it is the man they want, not Tuesday or Wednesday."

"The guillotine agreed. The wagon, full enough without that one head, went on to its destination; Schlabendorff remained in the prison, and the guillotine, at the usual hour of the guillotine, and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day, was ready, both and all, waiting the word of command. But behold! his name was not heard that day; nor the third day, nor the fourth; and not at all. There was no mystery in the matter. It was naturally supposed he had fallen with the guillotine, and that the date of some parchment, in the multitude of sufferers, no one could seriously inquire for an individual; for the days that followed, there were enough of victims without him; and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when with so many others, he recovered his liberty. He owed his miraculous escape, not the least strange in the history of the Revolution, partly to the kindness of the guillotine, partly to his good temper, and above all to the circumstance that his boots were out of the way at the nick of time."

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Indianapolis, November 12, 1845.]

## SEMI-WEEKLY.

[Volume 1—Number 47.]

### Good Things.

**Good Advice.**—Girls, beware of transient young men—never suffer the addresses of a stranger; recollect one good steady friend is worth a hundred of the kind of the world; the attentions of a human dandy-trick with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless, though a fancy skill, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home—a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters. Their affection lasts—while that of such a young man is lost at the wane of a honey-moon. "True."

**Boys.**—The following dialogue recently occurred between a mistress of one of our public schools, and a scholar:  
"James, if you take three from five how many will remain?"  
"I don't know, ma'am," replied the boy, biting his thumb-nail.

"Not know! If five birds were sitting on a tree, and a naughty boy should fire a gun and kill three, how many would there be left?"  
"None," was the prompt reply.  
"Why, yes, there would be some left, wouldn't there?"  
"No, there wouldn't, cause the others would fly away!"  
Bright boy, that!

To love a delicate flower is in keeping with woman's nature. It must be cherished to bloom. The slightest change affects it. She watches its delicate petals; its maiden blush—its meridian beauty—and its fading hues, and then places it in her own generous bosom, with the precious instinct of her nature, to nourish and preserve it. The psychologist says there is a strong sympathy between a young girl and the flower she loves; alas! she may too often perceive in it the emblem of her own destiny.

It is Pope who describes a "needless Alexandrine," we believe, but here is one which is longer than any Pope could have ever heard in his day:  
"Oh! lady, hear thy lover sigh,  
No truer heart there is than mine;  
I read compulsion in your eye,  
Then why not say at once, I've kept you waiting a long time, and if you have patience till I can get a wedding dress made, I'll be there."

"FOUND HER OUT!"—Mr. Simpkins, your wife is a nice one, isn't she? Thank God I've found her out!  
"Found her out?"  
"Yes, beyond a doubt."  
"Good heavens! you don't mean to insinuate—"  
"I insinuate nothing!" called at her house twice this morning and found your wife out!"

**REMOVAL OF TWO BLACKSMITHS.**—The Pittsburgh Morning Chronicle tells the following:—A man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove, on condition that he would give them an excellent dinner, which he very readily agreed to do. When the promised feast was ended, he asked them whether they intended to remove their dwellings.  
"Why," answered one of them, "my companion will remove to my shop, and I to his."

**FAMILY ANTIQUITY.**—The French family of the Duke de Levis have a picture in their chateau, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying with him a small trunk, on which is written "Papers belonging to the Levis family." Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed Adam de Stanhope, and Eve de Stanhope.

A singular old gentleman was waited upon by his doctor's bill for medicine and visits. After examining for some time on its contents, he desired the young man who called with it to tell the doctor that the medicine he would certainly pay for, but as for the visits he had charged, he should return them again!

There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it were much better to make good provisions, which every man might put in a pouch, and to live and so to preserve from the fatal necessity of stealing and dying for it.

**THE LAW'S MERCY.**—A poor man's cow cannot by law be taken on execution.  
The Law's Justice.—Every particle of hay the poor man has provided for his cow may be taken and sold, if the cow starves to death.

A shopkeeper, the other day, stuck upon his door the following homely advertisement: "A boy wanted." On going to his shop the next morning he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket with the following label:—Here he is!

**"A TEN STRIKE!"**—Her last trip up the Empire was peopled by a thousand or more, and we understand the *light* on board made *20* additional *bricks* necessary! The Empire against the world!—*Cleveland Herald.*

**PROFANE.**—There are no oaths in the Choctaw language. When an Indian swears he can only employ English expressions of profanity, the very worst kind of profanity in use.

Virtues and vices are pretty equally distributed among the different classes of the human family, and he is either an absolute fool or an absolute knave who asserts otherwise.

Says, you little imp! said a tender hearted mother to her dear little son what on earth do you throw the kitten into the well for? "Oh, cos I crazy."—Come to your man, you little cherub!

There is a time when men will not suffer bad things because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time when the heavy head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.

"John, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart the other day.  
"Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you these two years."

**INSTINCT OF SPIDERS.**—It has been observed that some spiders, with an instinctive sagacity, select as the greatest security from disturbance, the lids of chimney boxes in churches.

A writer in the Knickerbocker describes the jay of a jay as "a *restless* carried on by a powerful machine."

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

**Hope is a day-dream;** but the most upright of all parasites, for she flourishes the poor man's hut as well as the palace of the most exalted.

**SLIGHTLY TART.**—An apothecary lady sent in a bill to a widow lady, which ran thus:—To curing your husband till he died!

What assistance does a monarch give his allies when they are weak in artillery? Cannonaid.

### ACHIEVEMENTS OF YOUNG MEN.

Don John, of Austria, won Lepanto at twenty-five—the great battle of modern times; and it not long after the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé, and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six; his death. Bismarck himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but that is not the point. Look at his death. Bismarck himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. 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